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BETWEEN THE LIGHTS .'. BEING THE EIGHTH  
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*W. G. Park.*



*Solus*

# BETWEEN THE LIGHTS

BY  
WILLIAM G. PARK, A. B.



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BUFFALO  
CHARLES WELLS MOULTON  
1895

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BETWEEN THE LIGHTS



## THE LAND OF DREAMS.

WILL you come with me to the Land of  
Dreams,  
To that mystic land so far away;  
Where the sunlight falls on the sparkling streams,  
And rippling waves with the lilies play?  
Where the skies are clear and the flowers are  
bright;  
Where the joyous song of bird is sweet;  
Where the azure sky and the opal light  
Of shining streams in the distance meet?

Are you tired and worn with life's grief and pain?  
Has your heart grown cold with hopes deferred?  
Would you bid Love smile on your path again  
And list to the sweetest music heard?  
Then come with me to the Land of Dreams,  
To this Lotus-land with its gardens fair,  
With its waving trees and its crystal streams,  
Where life has never a thought of care.

Would you see the friends of the long ago ?

Would you walk the shores of Fancy's stream;  
Where silvery waters in silence flow,

And years are only a pleasant dream ?

Then come with me to this Border-land

This Country far through the gates of gold  
Where Love and Pleasure walk hand in hand,  
Where none grow weary and none grow old.



## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S love! can words express  
Its hidden depth and tenderness?  
Have simple words the power to show  
Her tender love in days of woe,  
The many burdens, grief, despair,  
That she has borne,—will always bear?

Through weary hours of toil and pain,  
In time of sorrow, loss and gain,  
When life is sad and friends are few,  
A mother's love is ever true;  
It kindles hope within the breast,  
And to the weary heart brings rest.

Can words express a love like this,  
A love that crowns all earthly bliss;  
That knows no change and suffers long,  
That praises good, forgives the wrong;  
That shields from harm and evil snares  
And all life's trials gladly shares?

Through all the varied paths of life,  
Through all the hours of sin and strife,  
Through all the years, on land or sea,  
This love will ever with us be;  
Though dreary days with glad ones blend,  
A mother's love will never end.

## WINDS OF MARCH.

**B**LOW, winds of March, o'er hill and dell,  
And whisper softly to the flowers;  
Tell them that winter's reign is o'er,  
And soon will come the April showers!  
Go tell the violets asleep  
Beside the brook, that spring is here,  
The robins and the wrens have come,  
And chilling storms they need not fear!

Blow, winds of March, o'er hill and dell,  
We do not care how wild you blow;  
The sun is shining bright and clear,  
And soon will melt the lingering snow!  
When spring puts on her robe of green,  
And for a season sweetly smiles;  
We soon forget your tempests rude,  
Deluded by her charming wiles.

Blow, winds of March, o'er hill and dell,  
And wake the flowers and melt the snow;  
The skies are blue, the world is fair,  
We do not care how wild you blow!  
Sweep o'er the land from north to south,  
Your roaring gales we do not fear;  
Go tell the world, the whole wide world,  
That winter's gone, and spring is here!

## THE VOYAGERS.

WHEN the glorious king of morning,  
Rising from a sea of gold,  
Painted fleecy clouds with crimson  
Blent with colors manifold,  
From the clear and shining strand,  
From the green and verdant land,  
At the dawning of the day;  
When the shadows scarce had fled,  
Ere the early hours had sped,  
Youthful voyagers sailed away.

Slowly drifting past the meadows,  
Fragrant with the breath of flowers,  
Where the songsters' merry carols  
Echoed from the woodland bowers;  
Past the ranks of willow trees,  
Waving gently in the breeze,  
Drifting, drifting on and on,  
In the sunlight and the shade,  
Past the valley and the glade,  
Into shadows dim and wan.

Wider grows the stream and wider,  
As the voyagers onward sail,

Down the calm and tranquil river,  
Leaving meadow, field and vale;  
Drifting out into the sea,  
With their young hearts light and free,  
In the joyous summer time,  
Drifting down the silent stream  
In the sunlight's golden beam,  
Drifting on to Manhood's prime.

Now the crested waves are rising,  
And the boundless sea appears,  
And the voyagers leave the river  
For the Ocean of the years;  
While the storms of life arise,  
Clouded now the azure skies,  
And their trembling bark is tossed  
Here and there upon the waves,  
While the tempest fiercely raves,  
Bringing ruin, wreck and loss.

But at length the storm is ended  
And the distant shore draws near,  
While the sun is slowly sinking  
And the evening shades appear.  
Bent and burdened are the forms  
That have weathered life's rough storms,  
Sad the hearts once light and free,  
Drifting onward with the tide,  
Drifting to the shores so wide,  
Onward to Eternity.

## WORK.

FOLD not your hands and say, "My work is done,

And I am weary of the noonday heat ;  
While heavily my many burdens press ;  
No shady paths my weary footsteps greet !"

Oh, say not so ! but work until the sun  
Shall fade adown the west, and night draws  
near ;

Press onward till the highest goal is won,  
Until the evening shadow doth appear.

Oh, work and faint not by the weary way,  
Toil up the mountain, though 'tis rough and  
steep ;

Beyond the vales of sorrow and of pain  
There is a balm—a rest for those who weep !

Your path of life may long and lonely be,  
Your burdens great, your joys and pleasures  
few ;

But work, and when rest comes you need not say,  
"So little done, so very much to do !"

Oh, labor on while yet the day is yours ;  
The harvest fields are white with ripened grain ;  
So many souls that need the blessed light,  
So many hearts to cheer—so much of pain.

Arise and work while yet the day-star shines,  
For sweetest rest will come at set of sun ;  
And when the Master calls you need not cry,  
“ So much to do, so very little done ! ”



## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O MERRY, merry Christmas bells,  
Ring out the old, old story ;  
The story old yet ever new  
Of Christ and all his glory !

Ring merry bells across the snow,  
While loud the song is swelling  
"Of peace on earth, good will to men,"  
His glory ever telling !

Upon this merry Christmas day  
Was born the Christ-child holy,  
To save a fallen world from sin,  
A King, though poor and lowly.

A gift more precious ne'er was given,  
A gift for every nation ;  
As long as time itself shall last,  
Through every generation.

Then ring glad bells, ring loud and clear,  
And tell the blessed story,  
Of him who died that all might live,  
Of Christ and all his glory !

## LONG AGO.

I AM musing in the firelight,  
Dreaming of the happy past,  
Of the days of youth and childhood,  
Days too beautiful to last ;  
When a merry, loving household  
Gathered in the firelight's glow,  
Father, mother, sisters, brothers,—  
In the days of long ago.

So I live those bright days over,  
Thinking of that happy time,  
When our lives were like the sunshine,  
Days of joy and peace sublime ;  
When around the hearth we gathered  
On those autumn evenings chill ;  
And the cricket chirped with gladness,—  
I, in memory, hear them still.

Severed are the ties that bound us,  
Some in foreign lands now roam,  
Seldom finding 'mid life's burdens  
Time to think of boyhood's home.

Some have reached the fairer country,  
Free from sin forevermore ;  
Where no storms of life can reach them,  
Safe upon the other shore.

Oh, those happy days of childhood,  
If they could once more return,  
Banishing the thoughts of evil,  
That in after life we learn !  
If we could forget our sorrows  
And dispel the clouds of woe ;  
If we could but live forever  
In the days of long ago !

## LIFE'S HEROES.

IT is not in costly gardens  
That the fairest blossoms blow,  
It is not in lands of sunshine  
That the purest waters flow ;  
But away in fields and meadows  
Are the flowers we hold most dear,  
And afar in icy North-land  
There are fountains crystal clear.

It is not on fields of battle  
That the bravest heart is found,  
It is not on fields of glory  
Amid shouts and trumpets sound ;  
There are heroes 'mong the millions  
Who are toiling on each day,  
And are fighting life's rough battles  
'Long the dark, uncertain way.

There are songs for brave and daring  
And for those who win renown,  
For the bold and fearless victor  
There is many a laurel crown ;

But a braver man and stronger  
Is the one who meets with sin,  
And who overcomes and conquers  
All the demon powers within.

It is not in costly gardens  
That the fairest blossoms blow,  
It is not in lands of sunshine  
That the purest waters flow ;  
It is not by strength or muscle  
That the bravest deeds are done,  
'Tis by conquering temptations  
That the victory is won.

## BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

FAST fade the glories of the dying day,  
The molten sunset fires burn dim and low;  
The clouds reflect the varying shades of light,  
Pale, opalescent tints that gleam and glow.

Afar beyond the distant mountain tops,  
Great waves of crimson flecked with white appear;  
While lower down the purple shadows fall,  
Pierced through and through by many a golden spear.

Fair clouds of amber, amethyst and gold  
Along the far horizon gently float;  
No sound the hush of eventide disturbs,  
From yonder forest dim no bird's clear note.

A solemn stillness reigns on every side,  
The very airs of heaven their silence keep;  
The restless waves no longer fret and moan,  
And all is peace upon the tranquil deep.

Now slowly fade the mellow beams of day;  
Not yet the stars appear in yonder heights;  
Still lingers on the perfect hour of rest,  
The holy hour of peace, between the lights.

Between the lights, when heart responds to heart,  
When soul communes with soul in thoughts sublime;

When mem'ries dear of other days arise  
And love is born that changes not with time.

O golden hour of silence soft and sweet,  
That comes to soothe the sorrows of the day;  
In thee we find the light of faith and hope,  
To guide the soul with its eternal ray.

## THANKSGIVING.

TO the Giver of all blessings  
Let our voices rise in praise  
For the joys and countless mercies  
He hath sent to crown our days;  
For the homes of peace and plenty,  
And a land so fair and wide,  
For the labor of the noonday,  
And the rest of eventide.

For the splendor of the forest,  
For the beauty of the hills,  
For the freshness of the meadows,  
And a thousand sparkling rills,  
For the blossoms of the springtime  
And the memories they bring,  
For the ripened fruits of autumn,  
Do we thank Thee, O our King.

For the wealth of golden harvests,  
For the sunlight and the rain,  
For the grandeur of the ocean,  
For the mountain and the plain,  
For the ever-changing seasons  
And the comforts which they bring,  
For Thy love so grand, eternal,  
We would thank Thee, O our King.



## THE LAKE.

### A SKETCH.

A QUIET lake, like a picture fair,  
Lies low at the foot of the purple hills;  
Where the dreamy sunshine lingers long  
And softly gleams on the silver rills.  
The waving pines with their tossing plumes  
Like sentinels stand on either side  
To guard the calm of the silent spot,  
Unbroken, save by the rippling tide.  
The wild-rose blooming along the banks  
Is reaching down to the water's edge,  
Its flowers are bathed by the crystal stream,  
Or lost to sight in the dark green sedge.

The butterflies with their painted wings  
That flash and gleam in the sun's bright glow,  
Sail slowly by as if borne along  
By summer winds as they gently blow.  
A quiet lake; on its bosom floats  
The water-lilies, whose golden hearts  
Are opened wide to receive the sun,  
As they feel the warmth of its fiery darts.

The tall reeds wave in the gentle breeze,  
The rose leaves fall on the sparkling tide;  
The floating clouds reflected gleam  
O'er the lake's calm surface far and wide.

Here let us rest by the water's edge,  
And dream of the hours that are no more;  
Forget for a time all thoughts of grief,  
And fondly muse o'er the days of yore.  
Till the soul is touched by the power divine  
That rules the lake and the wooded hills,  
The solemn pines and the stately reeds,  
The lilies fair and the silver rills.  
A quiet place, where the burdened heart  
Shall find a rest from its toil and care;  
Where the wearied mind may seek release  
In the perfect balm of the summer air.

## NOT IN VAIN.

WHEN the light of day is fading  
In the crimson-tinted west,  
And the evening shadows gather  
O'er the mountain's purple crest;  
Let us pause amid life's duties,  
At the setting of the sun,  
To review each act of kindness,  
And each deed that we have done.

If from out the depths of sorrow  
We have helped some friend to rise,  
Showing him the path of duty  
Leading on to sunny skies;  
If with words of love and comfort  
We can make him hope again,  
Then our labors are not useless,  
And we have not lived in vain.

If from out our wealth of sunshine  
We have cast one rosy ray,  
Lighting up the dreary darkness  
Of some lonely outcast's way;

If with gentle words of kindness  
We have soothed the fitful pain,  
Then our labor was not useless,  
And we have not lived in vain.

Let us use the golden moments,—  
At the most they are but few,—  
For the service of the Master,  
And the good that we may do;  
Let us scatter many blessings  
All along the shining road,  
Leading upward out of darkness  
To the blessed light of God.

## MEMORIES.

BACKWARD turn, O wheel of time,  
Let me for a moment gaze  
Down the vistas of the years,  
O'er the old familiar ways !  
Visions of the long lost past,  
Now present yourselves to me;  
While in fancy I review  
All the scenes I wish to see !

In the distance, silent, still,  
Stands a forest dark and gray,  
Where the wild flowers thickly grow,  
Holding undisputed sway;  
Here a sparkling brooklets flows  
Over pebbles pure and white;  
Here the robin sings by day  
And the whip-poor-will by night.

Mossy ledges, fern clad dells,  
Tangled grasses, fairest flowers,  
And the merry song of birds  
Echoes through the woodland bowers.

For a moment let me gaze  
On the streamlet's placid face,  
Like a mirror calm and clear,  
Ere I leave the well-loved place.

Let me gather blossoms fair,  
As I did in days of old,  
Columbines and iris blue,  
Lilies pure with hearts of gold.  
Here the wild-rose droops its head  
And the black-bird's haunts I know;  
But the stream of time moves on,  
I must onward with it go.

Next, a farm house gray and old  
On the sloping hillside stands;  
In the distance I behold  
Shining sea and silver sands;  
All the apple-trees around  
Laden with their winter store,  
And the merry hum of bees  
'Mid the roses by the door.

I can see the level fields  
With their wealth of waving grain;  
And the summer sunlight's glow  
As it falls across the plain;  
What a golden splendor gleams  
Over valley, hill and dell!  
While the mind enchanted seems  
By some strange and mystic spell.

Many scenes of youthful days,  
Happy days and sad ones, too,  
As I ponder o'er the past  
Will present themselves to view.  
Sound of voices I can hear,  
Voices hushed so long ago;  
But the stream of time moves on,  
I must onward with it go.

There are thoughts we can not speak,  
Thoughts of many a long lost day;  
There are pictures wondrous fair,  
That no pen can e'er portray;  
And our hearts will fondly turn  
To those visions of the past,  
To the dreams of youth and love,  
That were far too bright to last.

Backward turn, O wheel of time,  
Let me for a moment gaze  
Down the vistas of the years,  
O'er the old familiar ways;  
Let me seek the haunts of youth,  
Dream of friends that are no more,  
Wander with them once again,  
As I did in days of yore!

## MAY.

CAN it be that it is snowing,  
On this clear and sunny day?  
Are the snow-flakes thickly falling  
In the pleasant month of May?

No, it is the apple-blossoms  
Falling, falling from the trees,  
Dancing in a whirl of rapture  
To the music of the breeze,

Till the orchard grass is covered  
With a carpet pure and white;  
Like the crystal snow of winter  
Dipped in rosy sunset light.

May, the month of song and story,  
Singing birds and fairest flowers;  
May, the month of Nature's glory,  
Sunshine bright and gentle showers.



Listen to the robins singing  
Mid the branches of the trees;  
Listen to the blue-bird's carol  
And the drowsy hum of bees.

All the land is filled with sunshine,  
Every heart is light and gay,  
Nature smiles upon her children  
For it is the month of May.

May, the month of song and story,  
Singing birds and fairest flowers;  
May, the month of Nature's glory,  
Sunshine bright and gentle showers.

## INFLUENCE.

A FRAGILE flower by the wayside grew,  
A blossom small and pale its hue;  
Yet peace it brought to an aching heart  
And healed the wound of Sorrow's dart;  
While Hope sprang up from ashes cold  
And bloomed again as in days of old.

In the brooklet deep a tiny stone  
By a careless hand was idly thrown,  
A circle was formed on the sparkling tide  
That spread o'er its surface far and wide;  
Till the placid waters calm and clear  
Were set in motion far and near.

There is a plant that fadeth never;  
From year to year lives on forever;  
Through summer's heat and winter's cold  
It thrives and grows, its leaves unfold;  
And when the earth is cold and bare  
It greets the eye with foliage fair.

And thus our influence like the flower  
Can cheer some dark and lonely hour;  
And like the movement of the tide  
Goes on and on in circles wide;  
Or like the plant that fadeth never,  
From year to year lives on forever.

## THE LESSON OF THE DOVES.

I N the land of flowers and sunshine  
And the islands near its shore,  
Where the rude Atlantic's breakers  
Dash and foam with angry roar,—  
Is a dove, the rare zenaïda,  
Soft and rosy gray its hue  
Barred with brown and white together,  
On its breast a shield of blue.

There are certain "keys" and islands,  
Where attracted by the springs  
Gushing from the rocks of coral  
Where the fair zenaïda sings,—  
Sings in notes of sweetest music,  
Pure and mournful, soft and low,  
Mingled with the rush of waters  
In their ceaseless ebb and flow.

To these shores so fair and peaceful  
Came one day a pirate band,  
Seeking water from the fountains  
Here and there along the strand;

And the doves disturbed by voices,  
Taking wing flew far away  
To another islet lying  
'Mid the ocean's silver spray.

Time passed on, the men departed,  
Only one was left alone;  
And he sat in meditation  
Listening to the water's moan;  
Like a dream before his vision  
Rose the scenes of youthful days;  
Memories of home and mother,  
And her loving words of praise.

Words of hope, long since forgotten  
In his sinful wild career,  
Now returning thrilled his being  
With a meaning full and clear;  
But as deepening shadows gathered  
Over hill and valley fair,  
One by one the doves returning  
Seemed to chant an evening prayer.

And their songs so sweet and plaintive,  
Mingled with the waters flow,  
Filled his heart with love and gladness  
As in days of long ago;  
Clearly now he saw the error  
Of the many wasted years,  
Of a life of guilt and passion,  
With its countless hopes and fears.

Slowly then his stern pride melted,  
Bitter tears of sorrow fell;  
He was moved with deep contrition,  
More than any tongue can tell.  
Then he broke away from evil,  
Turned from paths of sin and wrong,  
But he ne'er forgot the lesson  
Taught him by the doves sweet song.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT dear Love ! the daylight dies  
And stars shine in the cloudless blue,  
The silver moon looks calmly down,  
And grasses bend with pearly dew.

Upon the perfume-laden air  
The breath of lily and of rose  
Would woo thee with an incense rare,  
Would lull thee to a sweet repose.

Good-night dear Love ! may gentle sleep  
And God's great peace upon thee fall,  
Until the shadows pass away  
And morning fair be over all.

Good-night dear Love ! the daylight dies  
And moon and stars to rest invite,  
The evening zephyrs gently blow  
And whisper soft, "Good-night, good-night."

## AUTUMNAL TINTS.

NOW approach the days of autumn  
Clad in robes of gold and crimson,  
Decked with flowers of sweet perfume;  
All the hillsides and the valleys,  
All the highways and the hedgerows  
Are aglow with wondrous bloom.

Elderberries purple slowly  
In the warm and golden sunlight  
By the sparkling brooklet's side;  
While the fruits are growing ruddy,  
And the fields are turning yellow  
With a harvest rich and wide.

In the lone lanes of the country  
There are flowers of gorgeous colors,  
Buds and blossoms, blue and red;  
And the mossy walls and fences  
With the tendrils of the woodbine,  
Here and there are overspread.



And beneath the royal vestments  
Of the golden-rod and sumac  
    Purple asters meekly hide;  
Regal queens of wondrous beauty,  
All their largess gaily flinging  
    O'er the dusty highway side.

Nights grow chill and days grow shorter,  
Verdure wears the tints of autumn,  
    Dying leaves are turning brown;  
In the west the soft light lingers,  
Rose and white with crimson blended  
    As the sun is going down.

In the heart creep thoughts of sadness,  
Thoughts of death, decay and sorrow,  
    And of springtime's joyous day;  
Dreams of youthful hopes and fancies,  
Once so dear, so fondly cherished,  
    Now forever passed away.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SO long ago, so long ago  
In Bethlehem afar,  
Within the azure dome of heaven  
Appeared a wondrous star.  
And Syrian shepherds, as they sat  
Upon the ground that night,  
Beheld amid a halo fair  
An angel robed in white;

The solemn stillness of the place  
Was broken by the cry  
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
From angel hosts on high;  
And down through all the ages vast  
This glorious song has rolled,  
Until at last from shore to shore  
The message sweet is told.

The mother tells unto her child,  
Within the firelight's glow,  
The story of the Holy one  
Who lived so long ago;

Who suffered death upon the cross,  
His life so freely gave,  
A ransom for the sons of men,  
A sinful world to save.

Oh, little town so far away  
Beyond the distant sea,  
Forever through the years to come  
Thy name shall honored be;  
For history will e'er repeat  
That story old yet new,  
Of Him who died that all might live,  
A message grand and true.

Then ring, O bells, and tell the tale,  
While anthems clear arise,  
And costly incense rare ascends  
Toward the starry skies.  
Let all the nations of the land  
Join in the festive mirth,  
As circling years bring round the day  
That hails the Saviour's birth.

## JUNE.

SUMMER winds are gently blowing  
Over hill and valley fair,  
And the song of birds is floating  
Out upon the evening air.  
In the meadows bees are busy,  
And the idle butterfly  
Sails from flower to flower in silence,  
Underneath the glorious sky.

Fairest June, the month of roses,  
Crowns the cycle of the year;  
Nature smiles with loving kindness  
On her children far and near;  
Every heart responds with gladness,  
Sorrow finds no resting place;  
For the winter has departed,  
Leaving not a single trace.

Who would rather have the winter  
Than the merry month of June—  
When the dew is on the clover  
And the roses are in bloom?

Who would wish for clouds and shadows,  
Bitter storms and faded flowers,  
When the month of June will bring us  
Sunshine bright and perfect hours?

## A DAY IN SUMMER.

I N the meadows the mowers swing their scythes,  
And the tall grass falls about their feet;  
They whistle a tune as they work away,  
Amid the daisies and clover sweet.

Ah ! sweet is the breath of the new-mown hay  
That is borne on the breezes that come and go ;  
And sweet is the song of a thousand birds,  
As they flit through the meadows to and fro.

The white daisy blossoms, with golden hats,  
Are thickly sprinkled among the grass ;  
But their nodding heads on the ground soon lie,  
As the mowers' scythes among them pass.

And the summer sun, like a ball of fire,  
Rides high in the heavens and wilts the flowers,  
That only this morn were as fresh and bright,  
As in early spring 'mid the April showers.

But now one by one on the ground they fall,  
Faded and withered and dead they lie ;  
And are crushed by the tread of trampling feet,  
As the mowers hurriedly pass them by.

At last, when the work of the day is o'er  
And the sun sinks low in the distant west ;  
Then the workmen homeward their footsteps turn  
To seek for the blessings of peace and rest.

Now softly the mists spread over the land,  
And the song of birds is hushed and still,  
Save where from the meadows and woodlands  
gray,  
Re-echoes the cry of the whip-poor-will.

And the cattle low at the barn-yard gate,  
The milkmaid's song floats out on the air ;  
All seem to unite in a hymn of praise,  
For this summer day so bright and fair.

## THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

HARK to the voice of the wind to-night !  
What does it say to you, to me ;

As it sobs and moans round cottage eves,  
As it shakes and rustles the fallen leaves,  
Or sweeps the restless sea ?

It tells of empires passed away,  
Of kings who held the world in sway,  
Of nations fallen to decay

In days of long ago.

It tells of lands now broad and fair,  
Of rulers proud and wonders rare,  
Of crime and guilt, of toil and care,

And time's unceasing flow.

Hark to the voice of the wind to-night !

What does it say to you, to me ;

As it shrieks and groans, as it sobs and grieves,  
As it whistles and moans thro' leafless trees,  
Or sweeps the restless sea ?

It tells of wrecks strewn on the shore,  
Fond hopes buried to rise no more,  
Mem'ries dear of the days of yore,  
And childhoods gladsome day.



It tells of promises once made,  
Of vows unkept, of pride displayed,  
Of wanton youth, of faithless maid,  
And friends now far away.

Hark to the voice of the wind to-night !

What does it say to you, to me ;  
As it sobs and moans round cottage eves,  
As it shakes and rustles the fallen leaves,  
Or sweeps the restless sea ?

It tells of deep remorse and sin,  
Of griefs that break the heart within,  
All sorrows that have ever been,  
From dawn to set of sun.

It tells of death, blight and decay,  
That e'en the world shall pass away,  
That God will rule till night and day  
Shall be combined in one.

## LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

THAT "our life is what we make it"  
Is a maxim often told,  
We should guard it as a treasure,  
Better far than gems or gold.  
Those who strive for fame and fortune,  
Those who work to win renown,  
In the end if persevering,  
Always wear the victor's crown.

Those who labor on with patience,  
Toiling in the shade or sun,  
With one thought and with one purpose,  
To complete the work begun ;  
Upward, onward still their motto,  
Hoping, trusting evermore ;  
They will find a crown unfading,  
When the pilgrimage is o'er.

Those who wait for fair to-morrows,  
Letting pass each precious hour,  
Waiting for some bright ideal  
Worthy of their greatest power ;

Name and honor, place and fortune,  
One by one will slip away ;  
They will find no hope remaining  
At the closing of life's day.

Wait not for some fair to-morrow,  
For the present is your own ;  
Use the golden moments given,  
'Ere the precious hours have flown.  
We shall find if we keep striving  
Every duty to fulfil,  
That our life is what we make it,  
If the same be good or ill.

## CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

WHEN around us shadows gather,  
And the world seems dark and drear,  
When the sunlight has departed,  
And our hearts are filled with fear;  
Though the way is long and lonely,  
Darkness will not always stay,  
And the sunshine's all the brighter  
When the clouds have cleared away.

Though the shadows deepen round us,  
And we see no ray of light;  
All alone we struggle onward  
Without hope and without sight;  
Let us trust this gracious promise  
Looking for a better day;  
For the sunshine's all the brighter  
When the clouds have cleared away.

Though oft-times the cross is heavy,  
And the road is rough and steep;  
Though we see our friends and loved ones  
Lying in that final sleep;

Let us look beyond the darkness  
To the light of endless day,  
Where the sunshine is eternal,  
And no shadows cloud our way.

## APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

THE trees in their springtime beauty  
Are covered with drifts of snow,  
Their boughs are gracefully bending  
As the breezes come and go.  
Blue are the skies above me,  
And fair is the world around,  
As I watch the snowy petals  
Silently fall to the ground—  
The beautiful, snow-white petals  
Of the apple-blossoms fair,  
Tinted with rose and crimson,  
Floating about in the air.

The sweetest of all fair blossoms,  
And pure as the driven snow,  
The Master has freely given  
To His children here below;  
They are given to cheer and brighten  
The dark and the gloomy days,  
To teach us the simple lesson—  
The lesson of trust always.

Then do not grieve for the blossoms,  
That fall to the ground like snow,  
Since they only fade and perish  
That the perfect fruit may grow.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

WHEN autumn winds blew fierce and wild,  
And frost had tinged the forest trees;  
When low the asters drooped their heads  
And trembled in the passing breeze;  
Then all the leaves on all the trees  
Began to whisper and to say:  
“Our days of life are almost o’er,  
And we are fading day by day.

“Those merry hours of summer-time  
Will come to us, alas! no more,  
With sunshine bright and singing birds,  
As in the happy days of yore!  
For winter winds have passed us by  
And chilled us with their icy breath;  
We know our lives are almost spent,  
And only wait approaching death.

“Now robed in russet, red and gold,  
We flaunt our colors in the sun,  
More beautiful than ere before,  
Although our work is almost done;



But when the spring returns again,  
New leaves will grow, new flowers will bloom;  
And from each heart will chase away  
All dreary thoughts of winter's gloom."

Oh, leaves of autumn gay and bright,  
Sad are the thoughts you bring to me,  
When I behold your colors fair,  
In forest grand, in vale or lea.  
And cherished hopes, like withered leaves,  
Are buried 'neath life's strife and care;  
And time and fortune still move on,  
And pass me by while unaware!

## ARBUTUS.

WHEN forest trees are bare and gray,  
And winter scarce has passed away;  
Above the brown leaves dry and dead,  
The fair arbutus rears its head.

In woodland dark or pine-clad dell,  
Pale blossoms, tinted like a shell,  
Waft up to heaven an incense rare,  
And shed their perfume everywhere.

O, fragrant flowers of spring's first birth,  
Your presence lights the gloomy earth;  
The weary Pilgrims' hearts you cheered,  
When in the spring your blooms appeared.

Arbutus flowers of lowly birth,  
You teach us modesty's own worth;  
That through dead leaves new hopes appear,  
Removing every doubt and fear.

## IN NOVEMBER.

THROUGH naked boughs the wind blows shrill,  
The sky is drear and overcast  
With sombre storm-clouds, dull and gray,  
And autumn's beauty now is past.  
Dry leaves along the roadsides blow,  
And rustle softly in the breeze;  
A few late asters droop their heads,  
A few stray leaves fall from the trees.

The birds fly southward day by day;  
The hillsides now are brown and bare,  
Along the fence and on the walls  
The squirrels scamper here and there.  
The sable crow slow wings his way,  
His harsh voice sounding through the air,  
While on the distant ocean's breast  
A ray of sunlight glimmers fair.

And all the air seems filled with sighs  
And farewells as the autumn fades,  
While gloomy shadows settle down  
Upon the valleys and the glades.

And shadows creep into the heart  
As rude and cold the storm-winds blow  
While from the cheerless clouds above  
Fall down the first white flakes of snow.

## A FADED LEAF.

TO-DAY I took it from its resting place  
Between the pages of a volume old,  
A faded leaf that once had burned to gold;  
And still through sere and dry there is a trace  
Of Autumn's mellow beauty on its face.  
Alas, how many thoughts it brings to me  
Of days long since passed to eternity;  
Days that have fled to time's unending space!  
O, faded leaf you bring to me a dream,—  
A memory of fairer, brighter days;  
When Hope illumed the pathways that I sought,  
And love more precious was than meed of praise;  
When life no dreary hours of sorrow brought,  
And sunlight gleamed along my path always.

## SUNSHINE.

THE hill-sides and the forests  
Were all arrayed in white;  
But when the dark clouds parted,  
The sun shone clear and bright;  
And soon the snow was melted,  
The grass grew fair and green,  
Amid the feathery mosses  
The violets were seen.

The sun's bright rays soon entered  
The forests dim and gray;  
The little flowers uplifted  
Their heads from day to day  
To meet the sunshine tender,  
To make the world more fair,  
To bless God for His sunlight  
And for His loving care.

And all the woodland arches  
Were filled with songs of cheer,  
That winter's reign was over,  
And spring-time bright was near.

Old hopes that long were buried,  
Revived within the heart;  
The sunshine made the darkness  
And clouds of night depart.

What though dark clouds surround us,  
And shadows cloud our way;  
What though the winter's with us,  
It will not always stay!  
The summer soon returning  
With plenty fills the land,  
God scatters blessings round us  
With free and bounteous hand.  
Though sunlight of the spring-time  
Will radiance bright impart,  
By far the brightest sunshine,  
Is sunshine in the heart.

## DAISIES.

THERE'S a sea of white and a wave of gold,  
Far out in the fields this sunny day,  
That ripples and tosses with ev'ry breath  
Of random zephyrs in careless play;  
A fragrance sweet fills the summer air,  
And a song of birds is heard on high;  
While the gleaming ranks of the daisy host,  
Sway back and forth 'neath the cloudless sky.



## AUTUMN DAYS.

THE autumn days are with us once again,  
And all the hills are robed in colors bright;  
The vales with tufts of crimson sumac glow,  
The dreamy world is bathed in misty light.

The maple leaves tinged by the early frost  
Are burning red and golden in the sun;  
And mutely speaking as they slowly fade,  
Remind us that their work is almost done.

We see no more the well-loved flowers of spring,  
The summer blossoms too, have passed away;  
The purple asters and the golden-rod,  
On hill and dale hold undisputed sway.

The harvesters now busy in the fields  
Are gathering in the golden, ripened grain;  
The rippling brooks with music glide along,  
The sunshine lingers in the vale and plain.

Fair autumn days, with all your warmth and light,  
With regal sheen and wealth of wondrous bloom;  
Crowned with all blessings of the fading year,  
You bring to us the thought of winter's gloom.

## EASTER MORNING.

MID clouds of gold and crimson  
The Easter morning breaks,  
From dreams of death and darkness  
The sleeping world awakes;  
In woodland, vale and meadow  
The birds' glad carols ring,  
And swelling buds and blossoms  
Remind us of the spring.

The foaming, dashing river —  
Rejoicing to be free,  
Goes madly leaping onward  
To join the distant sea;  
In nature's heart the current  
Of life-blood's flowing strong,  
The reign of death is ended,  
The world is filled with song.

Old Winter's chains are broken,  
The earth awakes from sleep,  
And joins with us in worship  
This Easter Day to keep;

While those with sorrow laden  
Lift up in praise their voice,  
The dreary night has vanished,  
The nations all rejoice.

Oh, glorious Easter morning,  
The message that you bring,  
Is dearer than the sunlight  
Or fairest flowers of spring;  
For all the bells are ringing  
And in one sweet accord,  
They tell the joyful story  
Of Christ the risen Lord.

The Easter lilies blooming  
With incense fill the air,  
The rosy sunlight lingers  
Within each chalice fair;  
And carols sweet ascending  
Are wafted to the skies,  
"The Saviour has arisen  
And we shall surely rise."

## THE CHRISTMAS SONG.

STARS are shining clear and bright,  
Softly fall the shades of night;  
Shepherds seated on the ground,  
Guard their snowy flocks around.  
Perfect peace and quiet reign  
Over starlit hill and plain;  
When a glow of wondrous light  
Makes the heavens exceeding bright.

In the circle of that light  
Stands an angel robed in white.  
Saying: "Joyous news I bring,  
Of the birth of Christ, your King.  
Haste to David's city near,  
Seek ye Him and have no fear."  
Then from out the cloud of gold,  
Angel hosts the message told.

Loud and long the anthem rang,  
Clear and sweet the angels sang;  
Sang again and yet again,  
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

“Peace on earth!” O glorious song,  
Running through the ages long,  
Heard above the din and strife  
Of this weary, restless life.

Centuries have passed away  
Since the dawning of that day;  
Still angelic hosts proclaim  
Highest glory to His name.  
Round the world with one accord,  
Nations praise the Christ and Lord;  
And that song is ringing still,  
“On earth peace, to men good will!”

## A DAY IN WINTER.

COLD blows the wind, and gently falls the snow,  
The sky is dark with leaden clouds of gray;  
And somber shadows o'er the world are cast  
Upon this dreary, cheerless winter day.

How changed the scene! It was not long ago  
When fairest flowers were blooming in the dell;  
While autumn leaves were burning in the sun,  
And birds of passage chanted their farewell.

But now the earth is clothed in garments white,  
No more we hear the voice of brook or rill;  
The winds are blowing through the barren trees,  
And merry songsters' notes are hushed and still.

The tossing pines are moaning in the breeze,  
And ever fall the flakes of spotless snow;  
The sturdy oaks are trembling in the blast,  
Their leafless branches waving to and fro.

But as the sun recedes into the west,  
The dark clouds part, the earth is bathed in light;  
A golden splendor o'er the world is thrown,  
And all the land is filled with radiance bright.

Upon the clear and frosty air is heard  
The merry sound of bells, both near and far,  
As falls the curtain of the early night,  
And overhead gleams many a twinkling star.

## IN THE CHURCHYARD.

A CURIOUS place, that teaches many a lesson,  
Here rich and poor together lie;  
Their work is done, their labor now is ended,  
Their names forgotten as the years go by.

Here is a grave—'tis one of humble station—  
With weeds and briars 'tis overgrown;  
His name is not engraved on costly marble;  
To mark his resting place, a common stone.

Across this path, beneath a waving willow,  
A tall shaft rises toward the skies;  
While all around betokens wealth and splendor,  
And mutely says that here a rich man lies.

And here another, and he was a soldier,  
A flag is cut upon his stone;  
He fought to save his country and its honor,  
His name to history not even known.



And here lies one who must have been a sailor,  
For even time has not effaced  
A vessel rudely carved, at anchor lying,  
Although with moss of gray 'tis now encased.

Their work is done, their labor now is ended,  
Forgotten as the years go by;  
The rich, the poor, the soldier and the sailor  
Now all together in the churchyard lie.

## THE MASTER'S CALL.

WHEN the morning light is breaking,  
And the world is fair and bright;  
When the golden-tinted sunbeams  
Have dispelled the clouds of night;  
When the pearly, crystal dewdrops  
Sparkle on each leaf and flower,  
And the songsters merry carols  
Echo from each woodland bower,—  
'Mid these scenes of wondrous beauty,  
With the sunlight over all,  
In the morning of our earth-life,  
We may hear the Master's call.

When the sun has reached its zenith,  
And the joys of youth have flown;  
When the seeds of toil are ripening  
That in early life were sown;  
When the pathway grows more rugged,  
And the friends around are few,  
And the eager soul is longing  
For some nobler work to do;

When we think not He may call us,  
In the noon-tide of our life,  
To the glory of His presence  
From these scenes of care and strife.

When the golden sun is passing  
Through the gateway of the West;  
When the shades of night are falling  
And we sigh for peace and rest:  
When the earth is calmly sleeping,  
And the day of toil is o'er,  
And we long to greet the loved ones  
Who have gained the other shore;  
When the heart is filled with longings  
And with tender thoughts of home,  
To the glory of His presence,  
Then the Lord may call His own.

## NATURE'S MESSAGE.

O FLOWERS of the spring-time,  
You tell to me a story,  
A story of the sunshine  
That soon will flood the land—  
A story of the brooklets,  
The hillsides and the meadows;  
You bring to me the message  
That summer is at hand.

O violets so purple,  
Amid the feath'ry mosses,  
Lift up your heads all dewy  
Toward the sunshine bright;  
O daffodils and dandelions,  
Put on your robes of yellow  
And blooming in your beauty  
Fill all the world with light.

O laughing, sparkling brooklets,  
Go on your way rejoicing,  
The ice and snow have melted,  
Now free from winter's chain,

Go rippling, dancing onward  
In sunshine or in shadow,  
Till hearts once filled with sorrow  
Take up the glad refrain.

O merry birds of spring-time,  
Amid the budding branches,  
Sing loud your songs of gladness  
To welcome in the spring;  
And let your music swelling  
Re-echo through the forest,  
Till all the hazy woodlands  
With your sweet carols ring.

O singing birds and sunshine,  
You tell to me a story,  
A story of the summer,  
Of all things bright and fair;  
A story of the brooklets,  
The hillsides and the meadows;  
You bring to me a message  
Of our loving Father's care.

## SOMETIME.

SOMETIME an hour of rest will come,  
And all the burdens of to-day,  
And all the cares that now surround  
And press the soul, shall pass away.  
Once more the sun will light the earth,  
Although to-day is dark, and drear;  
Once more the birds' glad notes of joy  
Will fill the land with songs of cheer.

Sometime the flowers of spring will bloom  
And winter's snows will pass away;  
The earth will smile refreshed anew  
And there will dawn a happy day;  
A day from care and sorrow free,  
When peace and love shall fill each heart,  
And from the troubled sea of life,  
All grief and passion will depart.

Sometime, O precious thought that brings  
To wearied souls a comfort sweet;  
Our lost ones we shall see again,  
Our loved ones we shall once more greet.

Sometime the shores of that fair land  
Will dawn upon our wondering gaze,  
And all life's burdens will depart,  
Some happy day, some day of days.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

FAR in the west the sun went down,  
With night and gloom on every hand;  
The evening shades closed fast around,  
And silence reigned throughout the land.

Behold the sun broke forth again,  
And in the east its bright light shone;  
The mountain-tops were bathed in gold,  
The lark arose to greet the morn.

The flower that in the garden grew,  
Was withering on the stalk and pale;  
Its bright leaves strewn upon the ground  
Were rudely scattered by the gale.

But soon there fell refreshing showers,  
The plant revived and bloomed once more;  
It shed its fragrance on the air,  
And many buds its branches bore.

Weep not! Behold the light of day  
Dispels the shadows of the night;  
And though our path be clouded o'er  
The darkness shall be changed to light.



## THE FROST SPIRIT.

OVER the hills the Frost Spirit comes,  
His garments are white, his breath is keen;  
He breathes on the grass while passing by,  
And leaves there sparkling a silver sheen.

He flies along as swift as a bird,  
His hair is wreathed with the crystal fern:  
He feareth naught but the warm South wind,  
Nor brooks, nor rivers his course can turn;

For they change to ice beneath his tread,  
And he pauses not in rapid flight,  
Except to paint on the window-panes  
Fair ferns and forests and garlands white.

As he approaches the flowers turn pale,  
They know that his coming portends their death:  
He laughs aloud as he glides along,  
And chills their hearts with his icy breath.

All night long he is busy at work,  
Speeding o'er valley and hill in flight;  
Naught does he fear but the warm south wind,  
And his work is done ere morning light.

## TO-MORROW.

“TO-MORROW,” we say, “we will take up  
life’s burdens,  
To-day we will rest, lay aside every care;  
The trials and sorrows of life are so many,  
Its griefs and its crosses so heavy to bear !

“So to-day we will rest, our afflictious forgetting,”—  
But soon we shall find when the moments have  
flown,  
That yesterday’s labors are still left unfinished,  
The morrow has brought enough work of it own.

“To-day we will rest, for the sunshine is pleasant,”—  
But to-morrow, my friend, there may come the  
rain,  
And he who toils on in the sunlight and shadow,  
At last with rejoicing will reap golden grain.

Each day we should cheerfully take up life’s burdens,  
To-morrow, alas ! the death angel may come,

To call us away to the home that's immortal,  
With the labors of yesterday left undone.

Old Time keeps his way with footsteps unfaltering,  
He waits not for you and he waits not for me;  
The bright golden moments without hesitation,  
He drops one by one in Eternity's sea.

“REST COMETH AFTER ALL.”

B  
EYOND the toil, the burdens of the day,  
Beyond the tempests and the storms of life;  
Far from the tumult of the weary way,  
Beyond the longings and the ceaseless strife;  
Out of the darkness and the gloom of night  
Beyond the hills where shadows never fall;  
And far beyond the range of mortal sight,  
“Rest cometh after all.”

After the fever and the restless pain,  
After the waiting and the weary years;  
After the conflict and the loss and gain,  
After the sorrow and the useless tears;  
Far, far beyond the lofty heights of fame,  
Beyond the hill where shadows never fall;  
Beyond the fear of censure and of blame,  
“Rest cometh after all.”

## THE NEW YEAR IS DAWNING.

THE New Year is dawning, afar in the distance,  
The bright golden sun gilds the sky with its  
rays;  
The morning is breaking, the dark clouds have  
vanished,  
And Nature her beauty of winter displays.

The New Year is dawning, the world is awaking  
From out of its sorrow and out of its gloom;  
A new life unfolding, new promises bringing  
Though buried our hopes seemed within the dark  
tomb.

The New Year is dawning and may it bring blessings,  
May grief and unhappiness never be found;  
But gladness and joy in each home of our nation,  
While peace and prosperity ever abound.

The New Year is dawning, a new book is opened,  
Its pages are spotless and free from all sin;  
The past is now buried, we can not recall it,  
Then let us look forward, a new life begin.

The New Year is dawning, the Father of Mercies  
With unerring hand guides the cycle of years;  
Each storm-cloud He gilds with the light of His  
promise,  
Removing all sorrows and banishing fears.

The New Year is dawning, behold the sun rising!  
Afar o'er the top of the mountain it gleams;  
It is lighting the pathway that leads thro' the future,  
With a radiance bright, and the light of its beams.

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BY the stream of life stands a fair young child,  
And she looks to the distant sea;  
No thought of sorrow, no weight of care,  
For her heart is light and free.  
She watches the stream as it glides along,  
And on her lips is a careless song;  
Her thoughts are bright as the day is long,  
And the stream flows on to the sea.

A maiden stands by the stream of life,  
Her heart still light and free;  
How sparkling and clear the silver tide,  
How far it looks to the sea.  
The days are long, there is naught to do,  
The burdens of life are very few,  
The world is fair and the sky is blue,  
And the stream flows on to the sea.

A woman stands by the stream of life,  
And wearily looks at the sea;  
The days are short,—upon her lips  
There is no song of glee.

Her eyes are filled with bitter tears,  
Her back is bent by the toil of years,  
Her heart is filled with many fears,  
While the stream flows on to the sea.

By the water's edge stands a woman old,  
At last she has found the sea ;  
Where the stream of life meets the stream of death  
That flows to Eternity.  
She looks and longs for the snowy sail,  
She watches and waits for the boatman pale ;  
The storm of life has passed with the gale,  
And the stream has found the sea.



## THE CHANGING SEA.

AT dawn when the east was aflame with gold,  
And the morning wind swept over the bay ;  
When the waters gleamed with a ruddy light,  
As they smiled a welcome to greet the day;  
The vessel that lay at the harbor bar  
Unfurled her sails to the gentle breeze;  
And turning her prow from the shining shore  
She sailed away o'er the sunlit seas.

As onward she sweeps o'er the waters bright,  
Aurora comes up through her portals wide;  
And smilingly beams on the earth's cold face,  
Flushing to crimson the silvery tide;  
And the foam-capped waves as they rose and fell,  
Or silently beat on the rock-bound shore,  
Seemed softly to say as the wind swept by,  
"The vessel so fair you will see no more."

The wives and mothers upon the beach,  
Were watching the ship as she sailed away;  
Praying that heaven would guard and bring  
Her safely home at the close of day.

The waves made music in passing along,  
And with swelling throbs beat against the shore,  
While the children played on the yellow sands,  
Or paused to list at the ocean's roar.

But the north wind blow and dark clouds appear  
And the thunder booms and the lightnings flash,  
And the Storm King laughs as he rushes on,  
While the angry waves 'gainst the tall cliffs dash.  
Deep calleth to deep in an angry voice,  
And the surging sea is lashed to foam,  
The God of the tempest is now aroused  
And wildly raves in his ocean home.

In many a home there are anxious hearts,  
And many a watchful eager eye  
Peers out through the gloom o'er the broad expanse  
Of the angry waves as they mount on high.  
And the sea-birds shriek as they fly aloft,  
While louder and louder the wild winds blow;  
The waters moan and the thunder growls,  
And the lightning gleams with a lurid glow.

The vessel that sailed from the harbor bar  
In the early morn when the sky was blue,  
Went down out of sight 'neath the cold gray waves,  
Went down in the storm with her gallant crew.  
She had struck the rocks of a hidden reef,  
And the ocean grave as it opened wide

Engulfed the ship in its outstretched arms,  
And she sank from sight in the surging tide.

And the Storm King shrieked in his mighty wrath,  
The wild waves chanted a requiem low;  
And the sea-weeds gliding above the dead,  
Told never a word of the tale of woe.  
O treacherous ocean ! O cold, cold waves !  
How many the forms that beneath you sleep !  
O'er the gray old age and manhood's prime,  
Your vigilant watch you will ever keep.

The tempest has passed; and a rosy light  
Illumines the west, as the setting sun  
Sinks slowly down through the gates of night  
As they open wide; and the day is done.  
Oh! never again will the vessel sail  
In the early dawn from the harbor bar !  
For the Port of Rest she has found at last,  
And has reached the realms of the land afar.

O widows and orphans who watch and wait,  
As ye look on the calm and shining bay;  
Oh ! never again will the white-winged ship  
Return in the flush of the dying day.  
The waters will gleam in the sun's bright rays,  
And chant you a requiem soft and low,  
But alas ! your loved will never return  
To banish your grief and dispel your woe.

## SINGING SANDS.

HAVE you read of a lone desert isle,  
Lying many and many a mile,  
Far out mid the ocean's white spray?  
Of a sand covered island that lieth  
Where the sound of the sea never dieth,  
But moans through the night and the day?

Where the grains of the hard flinty sand  
By the winds from the ocean are fanned  
Producing a melody low ;  
Like the songs of the seraphs that never  
Grow weary but sing on forever,  
As waters in unceasing flow ?

Once a traveler weary and worn  
With the heat and the toil he had borne,  
Sank down neath the shade of a palm ;  
While a strain of sweet music came stealing  
And thrilling his soul with a feeling  
Of rapturous wonder and calm.

Like the song of a mermaid who dwells  
'Neath sea mid the corals and shells,  
Or the sweet golden notes of the lyre,  
Was this melody solemnly blending  
With the voice of the sea, and ascending  
Filled the heart with its passionate fire.

And the symphony soft and so low  
Seems ever to ebb and to flow  
Like the tremulous waves of the sea ;  
And the song gently rising and falling,  
O'er the sands of the desert is calling  
Like the murmuring winds on the lea.

So gently it rises and falls,  
Such memories dear it recalls,  
Inspiring the heart and the soul ;  
And over and over repeating,  
Glad harmonies blending and meeting,  
The strains of the sweet music roll.

Though flowerless the way that we tread,  
No perfume around us is shed,  
But clouds and deep shadows surround ;  
And though from life's sorrows recoiling,  
Though weary with pain and with toiling,  
We pause at the music's sweet sound.

And it brings purest joys to the heart,  
Till all of life's burdens depart  
And the mist-clouds of night roll away ;  
Hope rises on pinions of gladness,  
Removing all sorrow and sadness,  
And changes the darkness to day.

## THE WHIP-POOR-WILL'S SONG.

WHEN the evening shadows gather  
O'er the woodland dark and gray,  
When the birds have hushed their singing  
At the closing of the day;  
From the shadows of the forest,  
From the valley and the hill,  
Comes a song of sweetest music,  
Comes the song of whip-poor-will;

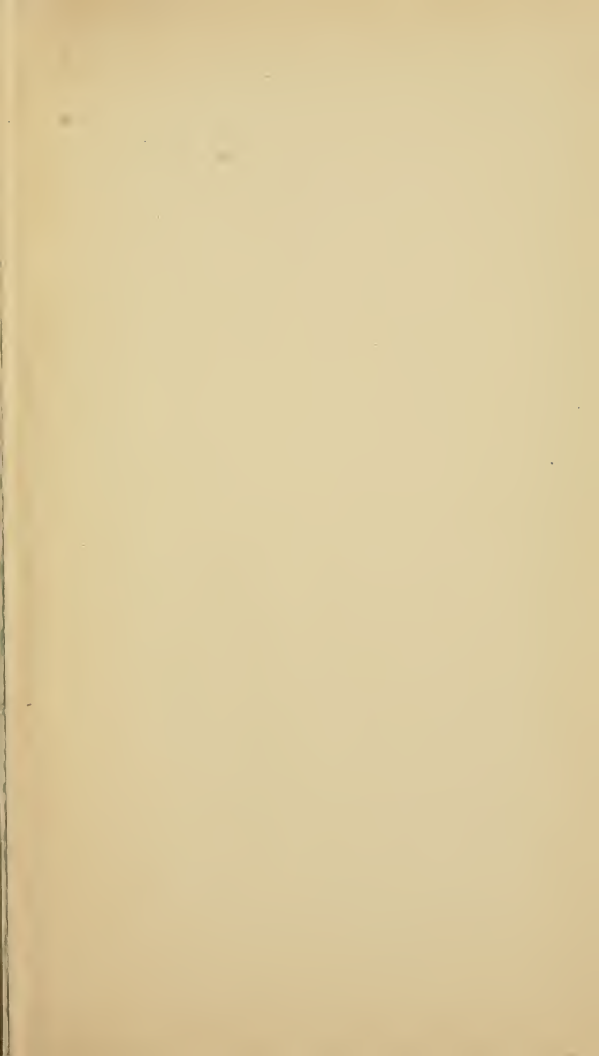
And my thoughts it carries backward  
To the pages of the past,  
To the days of happy childhood,  
Far too fair and bright to last;  
Days of happiness and sunshine,  
Not a cloud to mar the way,  
Free from care and free from sorrow,  
Life, a long and joyous day.

So, when Spring comes o'er the meadows,  
With her beauty, smiles and tears,  
Then my thoughts are carried backward  
O'er the long and weary years;  
And at evening when the shadows  
Gather over vale and hill,  
Then I listen to the singing—  
Singing of the whip-poor-will.









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